

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 16,
1946
No 1408

EVERY TUESDAY

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

PRICE: THREEPENCE

He Spotted Submarines 400 Miles Away!

Here is one of the strangest stories of the war, a story that seems fantastic but is vouched for by a senior official of the Australian Army Inventions Directorate.

ONE night in June 1942 a Japanese submarine fired a few shells into Sydney's seaside suburbs. It was a futile gesture and little damage was done. But the next morning a shy little man of 75 walked into the office of the Director of the NSW Branch of the Australian Army Inventions Directorate, Mr R. M. Service. The man was accompanied by his 40-year-old son, who said: "My father and I have been worried by that submarine. Dad located it and watched its movements, so we've come to you."

"It's Over There!"

Mr Service was used to dealing with cranks, so he listened patiently, and said: "That's fine. Where is it now?" The son chose a stick from a bundle he had brought and handed it to his father. The old man placed it against his nose, chin, and chest and turned slowly in the chair. He moved around several times and then remained perfectly still. At last he said: "It's over there—in that direction, about 35 miles away." Mr Service was startled by the man's assurance, and decided to take no chances. He telephoned the Navy and the Royal Australian Air Force.

While the Director was waiting for news, the son explained that his father had been divining, or dowsing, for 60 years, and that his powers had reached such perfection that he could locate paper money, metals, and other items. He was then put to the test. Squares of newspaper were cut up and two currency bills were wrapped singly in two of them. The other pieces of paper, all of identical size, were scattered round the office, and, unknown to the old man, those containing the notes were put in almost inaccessible places.

When Mr Service told him to go ahead and find the money, the diviner took a stick from a bundle of untrimmed native woods and, after a few minutes of preliminary feeling about, located the two notes unerringly. Wide-eyed by now, Mr Service tried another test. He sent the old man out of the room and hid a gold chain. The diviner located it as soon as he came back into the room!

Mr Service was puzzled. He did not know what to do with this rather unique character. Finally he called up a professor at Sydney University and asked his advice. The professor said: "Just wrap that man in cotton wool and send him to the Psychical Research Society in Britain—he's precious."

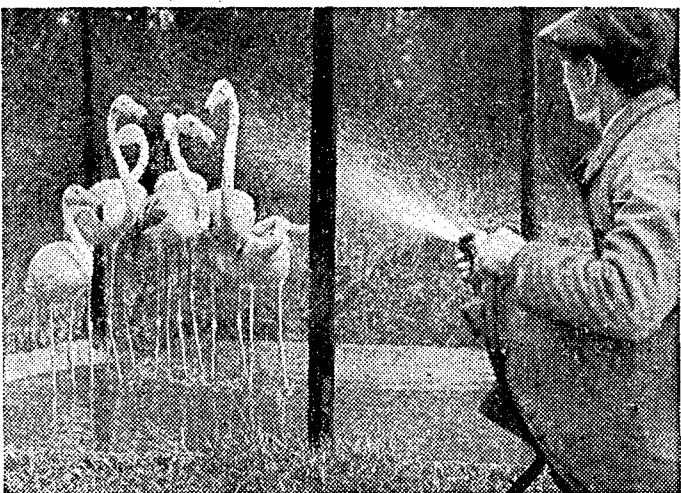
Mr Service called the Navy and the Air Force again and told them about the office experiments. This time they really were interested. They took the diviner to a Pacific headland in the Sydney suburbs. The old man selected his sticks, moved around for a while, and then indicated the position of the marauding submarine, 30 miles away! The Air Force sent a plane over, the submarine was located, and bombs were dropped just where the diviner had indicated.

Always Right

After that the Navy put him to work. They took him out to sea on a destroyer, and he located submarines 60 to 400 miles away! Investigation proved that in every case the diviner was right, although in some cases the submarines were Allied ones.

The diviner refused all payment for his uncanny work. He just liked to think that his powers were helping the war effort.

THE MORNING SHOWER



These fastidious flamingoes evidently appreciate the efforts of the keeper to help them with their morning wash and brush-up.

FICTION OR FACT?

The Falling Apple and the Baby

DID Sir Isaac Newton really find in the fall of an apple the clue to universal gravitation? Much doubt has been cast on this oft-told story, but it has found exact corroboration in the biography of Newton written by his friend and admirer William Stukeley, the antiquary, nearly 200 years ago. This work has recently been published.

Newton, Stukeley wrote, and he, were drinking tea under the shade of an apple tree, and Newton told him "he was just in the same situation as when formerly, the notion of gravitation came into his mind. It was occasioned by the fall of an apple as he sat in a contemplative mood."

The Professor's Wit

Professor Bernard Cohen of Harvard University, who is specially interested in popular stories of scientists, has been drawing attention to this contemporary evidence. In his researches the professor has examined the reliability of another scientific story often repeated. He states it was Michael Faraday who replied when Mr Gladstone asked him at the Royal Institution what was the use of the discovery of induced currents?—"What good is a new born baby?"

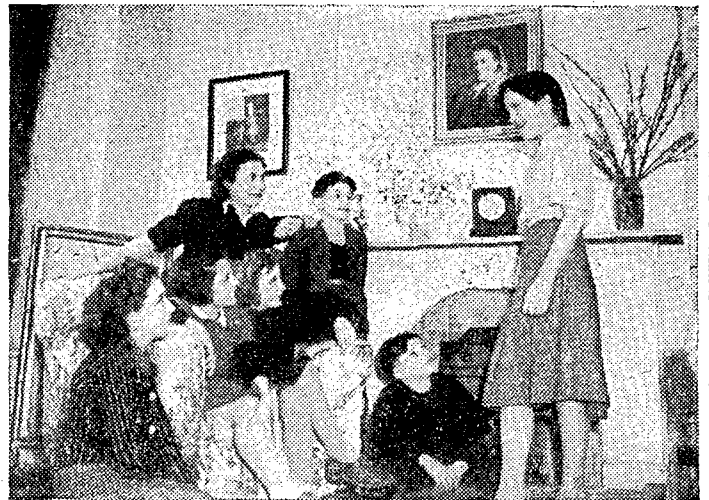
Faraday may have done, but the original author of the reply was Benjamin Franklin, who as representative in Paris of the American Colonies, witnessed the balloon ascent made for the first time in that year. When some of those present queried what use it all might have he replied with the famous statement "What good is a new born baby?" That image rose naturally in his mind because there was a baby in his own house at Passy at the time, little two-weeks-old Anne Jay, daughter of John Jay. This gem of his wit travelled all over Europe and was actually quoted and ascribed to Franklin by Faraday in 1816 in a Lecture on Chlorine, Iodine, and Fluorine.

The Rats' Secret

A ROBERT Officer of Devon was puzzled not long ago by the behaviour of a large colony of rats which had established themselves comfortably above the ceilings of two cottages at West Alvington. They totally ignored all his tempting offers of poisoned bait. They even rejected a nice piece of liver—a rare delicacy in these days.

The officer was obliged to pull up some of the boards in the floors above the ceiling, and underneath he discovered the rats' secret—hundreds of empty snail shells. The rats preferred snails to all his tit-bits, or perhaps the Chief Rat knew a thing or two about the after-effects of such tit-bits and had advised his followers to Stick to Snails for Safety.

OUR YOUNG FRENCH GUESTS



French children who have come to Britain to rebuild their health, are here seen at the Sarah Louisa Convalescent Home at Hove, Sussex, interested in a talk from Miss Edith Allen who is in charge of them.

Out With the Fishermen

SCOTTISH fishermen are interested in the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries experiment in fish-spotting with echo-sounding gear.

I went out with the Campbelltown fleet to find out how fish are located, writes a CN correspondent. Clyde ring-net fishermen depend on gannets for spotting shoals. With eyes glued to the sky, in daylight, they watch the birds. When a gannet dives the boats speed to the diving spot and shoot their nets. They seldom make a mistake though an ebb tide often carries nets clear of the shoal. The boats operate in pairs, one boat casting the nets, the other gathering them to form a ringed bag.

In the icy darkness we lay on the deck while one of the crew thumped the deck with an iron bar. The sound disturbs fish; they scatter and are spotted by the blaze of phosphorus they

show. With our first cast we got three clams, a skate, and several small winged fish. Then a strange thing happened. Lights flashed half a mile away. We scudded across. It was a boat with nets filled with fish, although the holds were already packed. We emptied the nets into our hold and speeded for the market at Ayr.

Drinking tea in the cosy cabin, I learned that this was a custom and that the entire crew were non-drinkers, non-smokers; but this is not unusual in the fleet.

The fisher-lads agreed that Government echo-sounding gear would be a boon. The gear sends signals into the water, and the time they take to return, after striking a shoal, gives its depth. In addition impulses are flashed to the wheel house, where a pencil draws a graph giving the size of the shoal. This would do away with indiscriminate net shooting.

NEARLY DROWNED IN A COACH!

THERE is an old saying that it is easy to drive a coach-and-six through an Act of Parliament, meaning that unscrupulous people can defeat the law. The phrase has prompted an inquiry in one of the Sunday papers: Did anyone, apart from Royalty on State occasions, ever really ride in a coach-and-six? The four-in-hand may be seen occasionally even now—but the six-horsed coach?

The truth is that the coach-and-six was commonly used by the wealthy, not merely for display, but because the roads were generally so bad as to make such horse-power necessary; and history records an accident to one such coach which nearly brought an English poet to an untimely end.

Alexander Pope did not keep a coach of his own, but those of his wealthy acquaintances were always at his disposal. Having

on one occasion spent the day with Lord Bolingbroke, he was sent home in the evening in his host's coach, drawn by six spirited horses. On the way to Twickenham the horses took fright and overturned the vehicle into a flooded stream. The coach windows were shut, and the feeble little poet was in danger of suffocation or drowning. With surprising strength and resolution he smashed a window with his fist, so badly cutting his fingers that for a time he lost the use of two of them, and was lifted through the broken window just as the coach was filling to the roof with water.

Had Pope perished—and it is marvellous that he did not—he would have been robbed of 18 years of life and English literature would have been denied some of the finest things he wrote. Were there coaches-and-sixes, indeed!

BALI IS HAPPY AGAIN

WHEN Dutch troops landed on Bali the other day, for the first time since its occupation by the Japanese, their rifles were not even loaded. They had relied on the peace-loving character of the Balinese, and their trust was justified.

An island, one-third the size of Wales, with a population about half as big, and rich and lovely beyond compare, Bali has never been such a "head-ache" to the Dutch as Java has been.

Indeed, the first anxiety on Bali was expressed by the Dutch not over the gay and gifted Balinese themselves, but about the white tourists and residents whom the charms of the island had attracted of recent years. Until about 20 years ago Bali was practically unknown, except to students of Eastern art and folk lore, and to scientists who knew that Asiatic animals lived there in contrast to pouched or Australasian animals, because the famous Wallace dividing line ran between Bali and nearby Lombok to the east. Then one or two colourful books on Bali became popular, and the number of visitors increased rapidly. Among them, unfortunately, were quite a few of a lazy and self-indulgent type, who found in Bali the ideal sunny

corner for a life without work.

The Dutch had always been most highly respected by the Balinese, whom they treated well. Now they saw that respect being damaged by the bad behaviour of white intruders. Strong action was foreshadowed, but the war intervened. The Japanese arrived, and doubtless the intruders wished they had not tarried so long. But their fate is not important. What matters is the future of the Balinese.

These people have always been among the happiest in the world. Nature has lavished her treasures on their island, and their own character and intelligence is high, and their disposition delightful. They are non-political and the insurrection troubles in other parts of the Dutch East Indies have influenced them little.

They want the old life, to work in the rice and cotton fields, to carve stone and wood and make beautiful objects from metal, and to live and laugh in peace.

A Welsh Castle For Welsh Treasures

ALL Britain, as well as Wales, will benefit from the generosity of young Lord Plymouth in offering the famous St Fagan's Castle, near Cardiff, to the National Museum of Wales as an indoor and open-air museum.

St Fagan's is one of the most interesting of the many ancient castles of Wales. It is surrounded by the walls of a Roman stronghold. The present building was erected in 1578, but on a nearby spur stand the remains of a 13th-century castle.

The National Museum of Wales has more treasures than it can

exhibit at one time, and a large number have to be stored. Now many of these may be displayed at St Fagan's, for within the 16th-century house are many spacious rooms with beautifully carved friezes, mantelpieces, and paneling of the period when the house was built.

St Fagan's will be a pleasure centre within easy reach of seekers after beauty and students of history, for it is near a main line railway station, and there is a good bus service. It cannot fail to give joy and enlightenment to thousands of boys and girls.

THE WEATHER-WISE

THAT legendary joker the Clerk of the Weather must be having some uneasy moments just now, for there met recently in London a team of wise men who seek to protect mankind from the surprises he loves to give them.

It was the first conference of the directors of the International Meteorological Organisation to be held since 1939, and there was much to discuss because advances in methods of observing the weather have been made during the war when the information gained was vital to

military operations though it was not broadcast to the public.

To the conference came 30 weather experts representing nearly 50 countries. Their job is to standardise methods of observing the weather and of passing the information all over the world. They are the men who tell us what we may expect the weather to do next; which for some of us simply means whether or not we take a mack when we set out for school or office, but for others, notably farmers and sailors, is knowledge of the greatest importance.

Great Editor and Essayist

FLEET STREET has paid a last tribute to one of its great men—A. G. Gardiner, former editor of the Daily News.

Born in Chelmsford 81 years ago, A. G. G., as he was universally known, served his apprenticeship on a local paper, and then migrated to the north. When, at the age of 37, he came into Fleet Street to take charge of a leading national newspaper, he was comparatively unknown. But not for long.

A man of great gifts, with a fluent pen and an unswerving honesty in his liberal views, he gathered a fine team round him and led them triumphantly. "You

have added the touch of genius which I lack," another great editor, J. A. Spender, once wrote to him.

As A. G. G. he was known to millions for his political writings and for biographical sketches like those in his book, *Prophets, Priests, and Kings*. But he was a man of many parts, and under the pen-name, Alpha of the Plough, he wrote delightful essays in lighter vein about cricket and books and the thousand and one other things which cheer the heart of man.

The name of A. G. Gardiner will ever be an honoured one in the annals of the Press.

Science Will Make Flying Safe

THOUGH there have been far too many flying accidents lately, they are really few when compared with the total number of flying journeys made. It is like the railways. We hear only of the few accidents, and not of the safe journeys.

Every effort is being made to make flying safe for civilians, and a Commonwealth and Empire Conference on Radio and Civil Aviation, known as Cerca, has been considering the problem.

The delegates have been studying the steps taken by R.A.F. Transport Command to make radar and radio the best friends of those who fly. Radar can give warning of the presence of other

FORWARD TOGETHER

We take these few passages from the Prime Minister's broadcast appeal to the Nation.

YOU may ask why we cannot get what we want from abroad. . . . We can only buy from abroad now if we can pay by exporting goods or rendering services.

WE want more houses, clothes, household goods, coal, machinery—in fact every kind of thing. There is only one way to get these things. That is by work.

YOU remember how during the war we had a wonderful team spirit in the nation. . . . I want everyone . . . to recapture the spirit that brought us through the war.

I ASK employers to deal quickly with grievances, and workers to use the machinery of settlement and not resort to unnecessary strikes.

I HAVE not the slightest doubt that we shall come triumphantly through this testing time of 1946 just as we came through 1940.

LET us all march forward together cheerfully, strong, and resolute to win the war against want as we conquered in the fight for freedom.

planes, dangerous high ground, or dangerous cloud formations. The delegates have learned of Transport Command's system of controlling their planes when in flight. By means of radio contact, planes are signalled on from one area control to another, like railway trains. First, there is the airfield control tower, then the various area controls along the route, and finally the approach control at the end of the journey. So the pilot is always being guided and advised, and is never lost, unless his wireless fails.

There is little doubt that, before long, science will have devised means of making flying as safe as travelling on the ground.

New Atlantic Liner

A HUGE liner similar to our Queen Mary is to be built for the United States Lines America-Europe service.

Of about 80,000-tons displacement, she will be a little shorter than the Queen Mary, and will carry only 1000 passengers as against the 2100 of the British liners. This indicates more luxurious individual accommodation and greater cargo space. The new liner will take three years to build.

WORLD NEWS REEL

Four Times An Hour. At the recent signing of a civil air agreement between Britain and France, M. Moch, French Minister of Transport, said he hoped it would soon be possible for there to be a half-hourly or even a quarter-hourly air service between London and Paris.

Not long ago the French Government transferred £40,000,000 in gold to the account of the British Government. The gold was payment for some of the goods bought from Britain by France.

The United States has demobilised 7,600,000 soldiers and sailors since V-J-Day last year.

At a meeting at Sydney, held to start a movement to show that Australia stands by Britain, it was stressed that the moral leadership given by Britain to the world during the past six years should be continued.

Australian airmen report that herds of wild buffalo are roaming over parts of Northern Australia.

Republic or Monarchy? The Italian people will on May 26 vote in a referendum on the question of whether Italy is to remain a monarchy. The question each voter will answer is, "Do you want a republic?"

An Indian cricket team (Holkar State) made the record number of six centuries in one innings in a match against Mysore.

Electricity for two-thirds of Rumania will be provided by a barrage to be built on the Danube.

Great reductions in the price of food in parts of Russia have been ordered by the Soviet authorities. The price of bread is reduced by more than one-half, sugar and tea by one-third, coffee by two-fifths, meat from 10 to 20 per cent, cheese from 15 to 20 per cent, and fish from 15 to 30 per cent.

At Chungking, agreement has been signed for the joining together of the Chinese Communist and the Central Government forces into one national army.

The Right Place. On the coast of Jersey, 155 German big guns, which were part of the Nazi war-time defences, have been thrown over the cliffs into the sea.

Holland has created a new decoration, the Medal of Gratitude, for Dutch persons or foreigners who served the cause of Holland during the war.

Canada and Newfoundland will supply Britain with fish to the limit of their capacity, as they did during the war.

HOME NEWS REEL

HMS Normal. Sailors are again to wear the names of their ships on their cap ribbons. During the war cap ribbons did not show their ships' names owing to the danger of spies locating their positions.

Swedish engineers have visited London to study London Transport's railways as it is proposed to create a similar system in Stockholm.

A special issue of postage stamps in commemoration of this year's Victory celebrations has been promised.

Ninety m.p.h. Some famous expresses are to be run on Britain's main lines after May 6. They include the Atlantic Coast Express, and the Bournemouth Belle of the S.R., and—if the track is made safe for a speed of 90 m.p.h.—the stream-lined Coronation Scot, and the Silver Jubilee of the L.N.E.R.

Professor Gilbert Murray is to be President of the Oxford branch of the Universities Federation of Animal Welfare (U.F.A.W.).

Work has begun on the rebuilding of the House of Commons Chamber, wrecked in an air raid in 1941.

Silent Feet. For the first time for four years crepe-soled sandals for children are to be manufactured.

To test a new anti-influenza vaccine, 300 students of Bristol University have volunteered to be used in an experiment.

At Wattisfield, Suffolk, Mr J. Blake, an archaeologist, has discovered a bronze model of a bear dating from the first century A.D.

All in one box. In a competition held by the Women's Institute at Terrington, Norfolk, Mrs H. Brown won a prize for packing 104 articles into one matchbox.

The number of babies born in this country in 1945 was 685,544. This was 59,299 fewer than in 1944.

Admiral Sir John H. D. Cunningham, who has been appointed First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff, is no relation of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Cunningham of Hyndhope, whom he has succeeded.

More Books. Publishers of books are shortly to have a quota of 75 per cent of their pre-war paper supplies.

A parent writing to a Sutton headmaster stated: "My son found a piece of wood in his school dinner last week. If you don't do something about it I'll make a case of it."

Mr W. Williams, of the Lancashire mining village of Clock Face, has retired after spending 59 years working underground.

YOUTH NEWS REEL

Marooned by Floods. On a pitch dark night, 16-year-old Brian Foster, of the 1st Wilford Sea Scout Troop, took out his own boat and rescued families from flooded houses. The boat had to be continually baled out, but on later trips Brian was accompanied by an adult.

For rendering first aid to a boy who had severely injured himself in falling from a tree at Thundersley, Essex, 13-year-old Scout Frederick Church, of the 5th Hadleigh (Methodist) Scout Group, has received a Letter of Commendation from the Chief Scout.

A mother in Manchester would particularly like to get in touch

with two Cingalese Scouts who probably saved her son's life. The Scouts, at great personal risk, plunged into the blazing wreckage of a crashed bomber in Ceylon and rescued four airmen, one being the son of this grateful mother.

Pen Friends. A Pen Friend scheme has been arranged between Boys Brigade Companies in England and the Frivilligt Drenge-Forbund, the Boys Brigade of Denmark.

More than 1600 members of the Glasgow Battalion, Boys Brigade, sat in 13 Glasgow schools one evening recently taking the B.B.'s annual Bible examination.

The Children's Newspaper, March 16, 1946

SWEEPING UP FISH

At the end of the dry season in Nigeria the lakes are at their lowest, and sometimes the water at its deepest is no more than three or four feet. When this happens, the fish can be seen clearly swimming in the shallow water, and the Africans then arrange for a great fish "sweep."

At one of these sweeps in a town in the Benue province, towards the end of February, about 3000 men, women, and children of the Tiv tribe crowded into a 15-acre pool, armed with great wicker scoops, like waste-paper baskets on stilts. Some of the children stand in the water, balancing bowls or baskets on their heads, in which to put the fish their parents sweep up, while others spear the fish with arrows shot from bows.

The little fish are laid out in the sun to dry, and these are later sold for use in stews. If there are Europeans in the district, the large, white fish find a ready market, too. And, of course, enough are kept for the fisher folk to have a feast!

A BALL AND BULL STORY

WE like this little story told by Walter Hammond at a cricket conference recently.

During a tour in Australia some years ago Patsy Hendren hit a six into an adjoining field, the exclusive occupant being a bull. The ball, being red, angered the animal, which stood over it snorting angrily. "We all told each other to go and pick up the ball and get on with the game," said Hammond. "Eventually," he admitted, "we found another ball and continued the match."

The World's Smallest Railway

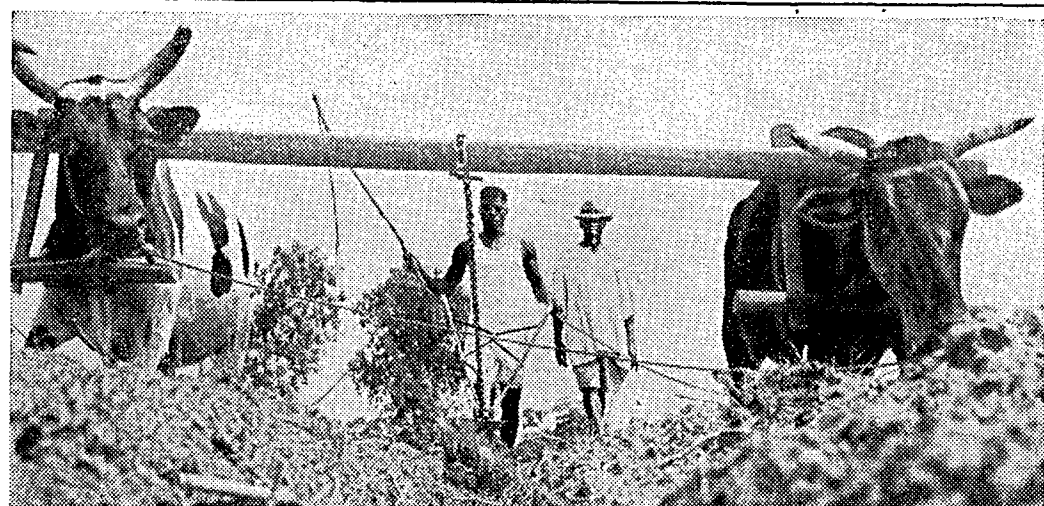
THE Bluecoaster Express is running again. This is a midge railway between Romney, Dymchurch, and Hythe on the Kent coast along which run tiny engines, hardly more than toys, but quite powerful enough to pull a train of coaches with passengers. Before the war it was a great thrill for young holiday-makers—and some older ones as well—to travel behind the Tom Thumb engine as it puffed stoutly across the peaceful marshlands.

During the war Bluecoaster played a splendid part in carrying war materials and, in particular, sections for the famous pipe-line which ran across the shingle of Dungeness, not far away, to plunge into the sea there and carry petrol to our troops in France.

Now the miniature railway is ready again to bring delight to holiday-makers, and recently the opening ceremony was performed by the mayor of the small ancient Cinque Port of Romney.

A STATUE TO A NEGRO

WHAT is thought to be the only statue to a Negro minister in the United States is to be erected at Birmingham in Alabama. It is of the Revd W. D. Hargrove, who 13 years ago founded a Methodist Church in Birmingham. He was the first Negro clergyman to broadcast, and apart from his popular sermons he made radio appeals which brought in help for poor people.



A Chief's Son at the Plough

This fine-looking young man, son of an African chief, is a student at the Gold Coast Government's College at Tamale and is seen with his instructor learning to plough with a bullock team.

A Modest Boy Hero

A boy about 12 years old was passing along Beresford Drive, Woodford Green, London, not long ago when a woman, shouting for help, came running out of her house with her clothes in flames. The boy at once ran to her and smothered the flames in her garments, then he ran into the house and put out the fire.

When he was asked his name the boy smiled and answered "That's my good deed for the day," and, waving his hand, he walked away.

MARTYRS OF OUR TIME

THE Archbishop of Canterbury paid a tribute to German Christians in a recent letter to Bishop Wurm, President of the Council of the German Evangelical Church. The letter was in reply to a statement in which the German leaders declared themselves to be, with their people, in a great company of suffering, but also in a great solidarity of guilt.

The Archbishop wrote: "Your fellow - Christians in other countries recognise how steadfastly you and your colleagues in the confessing Church resisted National Socialism both before and during the war. Your adherence to the Christian Faith brought great suffering on you."

Archbishop Fisher signed himself: Your faithful brother and servant in Christ.

GRATITUDE

THE other day a woman called at the Memorial Hospital, Peterborough, and without giving any name handed over £600 in notes, and said: "Providence has been so good to me and my friends. This is in appreciation."



Gold Medallist

Not long before her 18th birthday recently, this London girl, Daphne Slater, won the Gold Medal, the highest award of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

GOOD COMPANY

SHORTLY after the Bank of England stated that £5 notes issued before September 2, 1944, would not be legal tender after February 1946, a woman walked into a Midland Savings centre, handed over seventy £5 notes, and said: "I've been carrying these about for six years."

Little Wales and Big America

It is fitting that the University of Wales should publish a book describing the part Welsh emigrants have played in the development of the United States. For during the war many thousands of American soldiers in Wales became friendly with Welsh folk who sometimes found relatives among them.

The book, *Wales and America*, by Professor Williams, tells a fascinating story of Welsh genius and achievement. It is published in English and Welsh, and can be bought for 2s 6d from the University of Wales Registry, Cathays Park, Cardiff.

A GREATER HULL

THE great city and port of Hull, which suffered much in the blitz, is showing to its citizens a plan prepared by Professor Abercrombie for the entire rebuilding of that highly important area.

Professor Abercrombie's scheme is so all-embracing that it might take fifty years to carry out completely. The rebuilding of the whole of the centre of the city is proposed, also the extension of the docks to cover ten miles of the Humber frontage.

Overcrowding would be relieved by creating five housing areas round the city boundary, divided by a green belt, and by building a new satellite town at Burton Constable, seven miles away, for at least 53,000 people.

SILENCE FROM A VOLCANO

THE crater of Kilauea, the Hawaiian volcano, has provided a sound-proofing material for Britain's biggest battleship, *Vanguard*, which is nearing completion on the Clyde.

Jets of steam projected through the heaving liquid lava disperse it and after treatment the lava is drawn out into hair-thin fibres. Mixed with adhesive material it is then woven into mats and the air between the fibres makes it excellent insulating material for sound-proofing buildings.

Walls treated with this fibre have been fitted in the mighty *Vanguard*. It is chiefly superimposed on steel bulkheads enclosing machine rooms. When, during the vessel's dock trials, the propellers flailed the water, turbines whirled, and auxiliary machinery chugged and snorted, the noise was absorbed by these new fibre-covered walls instead of echoing back. The usual deafening noises cause fatigue and nerve strain, and also set up vibrations in steel structures.

Also incorporated in *Vanguard* is heat-proof and sound-proof material manufactured from glass rock fibre.

THE MIND AS BOOKMARK

"Sir, how do you manage to remember so many things?" That was a question asked of a schoolmaster who had a phenomenal memory.

"By giving the mind something to remember," he answered. "For instance, when I was a young man I never used a bookmark. I memorised the number of the page I last read and compelled my mind to retain it until I took the book up again. That was the foundation of any good memory I may have possessed in my life."

Repair the Schools

MISS ELLEN WILKINSON, Minister of Education, is to be congratulated on her efforts to get London's blitzed schools repaired as speedily as possible.

Not long ago representatives of 10,000 London schoolteachers pointed out to the LCC that the broken or canvas-patched windows and poor lighting in London's 600 war-damaged schools were affecting the health of both pupils and teachers.

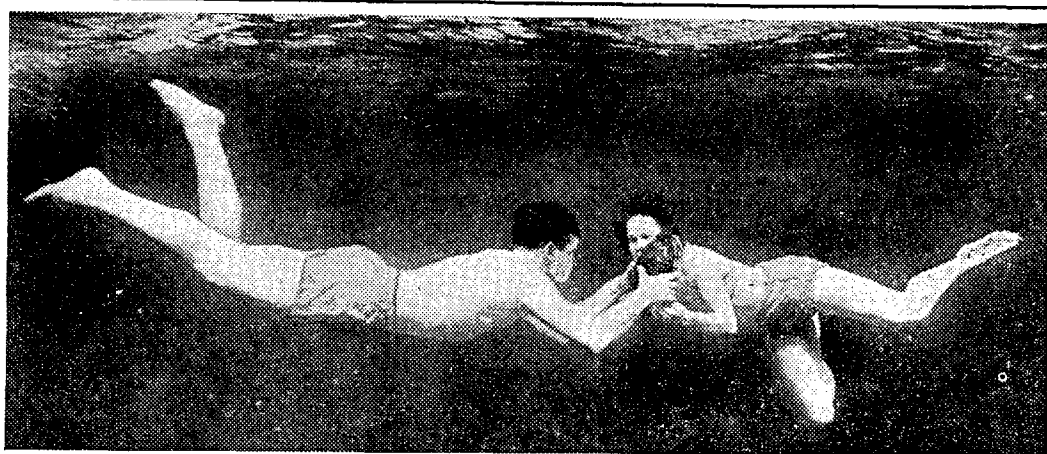
It is to be hoped that the work of repair will soon be accomplished. Not only must boys and girls suffer damage to their health and eyesight in draughty, unheated, ill-lit classrooms, but it is impossible for them to work and learn happily in such wretched surroundings.

London, of course, is not the only city affected and, deserving though her case is, the repair of war-damaged schools in other parts of the country should also be carried out quickly.

LARGEST IN EUROPE

THE Minister of War Transport, Mr A. Barnes, has stated that the building of a new road bridge over the Severn will begin next year. It will be the largest suspension bridge in Europe, and will cost about £5,000,000.

Crossing the Severn from Aust Cliff, Monmouthshire, to Beachley Peninsula, in Gloucestershire, where the river is 1½ miles wide, the bridge will stretch just over 2 miles, and will have a centre span of nearly 1400 feet. This bridge should be ready by 1953.



Catching a Turtle

Diving for turtles is the latest pastime at Rainbow Springs, Florida, where the water is so clear that turtles can easily be seen. These two holiday-makers have just caught one between them.

March 16, 1946

The Child



The Medal Makers' Craft

These highly-skilled workers at the Royal Mint are die-stamping on the rims of medals the names of those to whom they have been awarded for heroic deeds or meritorious service. The work demands great care, for each letter has to be exactly aligned.

A BEST-SELLER OF 50 YEARS AGO

THE recent death in America of Charles M. Sheldon, the author of *In His Steps*, recalls one of the most remarkable romances of writing and publishing. It is claimed that his book had the largest sale of any ever printed, except the Bible.

Charles Sheldon was the minister in charge of the Congregational Church in Topeka, Kansas, in 1896. Coming home one night rather disheartened with his preaching, he determined to tell a clear, simple story each Sunday night to his congregation, instead of preaching a sermon. He would describe exactly what would happen if Jesus Christ came into Topeka, and the changes which would occur in the life of the town.

To every problem Dr Sheldon posed the question, "What would Jesus do?" The results proved so fascinating that his congregation demanded that the story should

be published in book form. No publisher would take it for some time; finally one agreed to put out a cheap paper-covered edition of a few hundred copies.

A surprise was in store for him. He was overwhelmed with thousands of orders, and very soon editions of *In His Steps* were pouring out from the press varying in price from 25 cents to one dollar.

The book soon became popular in Britain. In Glasgow one large store put out a special edition as an advertisement. One London publisher issued a penny edition that was sold on the streets of London.

Like the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress*, the book was translated into every modern language, and many dialects. It is estimated that eight million copies were published in America, and twelve million in Great Britain and Europe.

THE FISHER MARTEN WHO CANNOT FISH

AMONG a number of furs sold in London recently were some of the Fisher Marten, a native of North America.

This large relation of the polecat and weasels is about the size of a fox—from 24 to 30 inches long—and has a black-brown coat which is grey on the head and neck. The most remarkable thing about him is that he loves fish and yet does not seem to have learned to catch them. His usual diet consists of hares, squirrels, mice, frogs, and small birds but what he dreams of is to find a dead fish; then the frogs and mice can come out to play!

Such treats, however, don't often come Fisher Marten's way, and sometimes he is driven to make a strange feast, he kills and eats porcupine, in spite of the jabs he gets from the needle-sharp quills. Oddly enough,

these do not seem to worry him, for a fisher marten is sometimes caught with a number of the quills still sticking into his skin.

The Fisher Marten moves about mostly at night and, if he is scared, is as agile as a squirrel (or the Man on the Flying Trapeze) jumping from tree-top to treetop.



His home is far above fishing grounds in the top of a tall tree, where he finds a hole in which to build a nest and bring up his little ones, and where in spare moments he dreams of a tasty meal of fish!

The Wild Life of a Great City

London's Natural History, by R. S. R. Fitter (Collins, 16s).

UNDER the title of *The New Naturalist* a praiseworthy survey of British Natural History has been launched with the avowed aim of interesting the general reader in our wild life by recapturing the inquiring spirit of the old naturalists.

The first four volumes of this notable project have already made their bow, the one under review being a history of the animal and plant life of the great metropolis from prehistoric times to the present day, the story of how wild life has adapted itself to an ever-changing environment.

Before the Romans Came

A Londoner all his life, and one who has enthusiastically and intensively studied London's natural history, the author is particularly well-equipped for his task; and the result is a book which should prove as invaluable to the most earnest student as it is fascinating to one who merely browses in pastures new.

This story of the impact of an ever-growing community on wild life, and of its effects, begins in the remote ages long before Roman Londinium, and is traced, with well-documented evidence, through the centuries. It is an absorbing story of evolution, and some idea of the wide scope of the author's researches may be judged by a few of the chapter headings: *The Influence of Trade and Traffic; the Influence of Water Supply; the Influence of Sport; and the Influence of the War.*

The Fish in the Ponds

The book is a mine of fascinating, out-of-the-ordinary information of which it is impossible here to give more than a hint. But the following quotation is typical. It is a graphic story of rapid change: "When the Pen Ponds in Richmond Park were drained in 1940, a large number of fish were removed, and in many cases transferred to the ponds in the neighbourhood. They included 175 carp, 320 bream, 250 pike, 300 eels, 30 perch, and 20 dace. It was estimated that about half the fish were rescued; many of the larger ones were out of reach in the mud, and perished. . . . When the ponds were drained, large numbers of freshwater mussels, measuring up to six inches long, were found on the bottom, but black-headed gulls soon cleared the lot. In the following spring plants began to appear."

Sources of Knowledge

That is a fair specimen of the byways of knowledge which are explored in this book. Evidence of the painstaking thoroughness which has gone to its making are supplied by the fine index, by the exhaustive lists of birds and plants, and of the Natural History Societies and Museums in the London area. There is a fine list of 200 books.

In addition, there are nearly 100 photographs, 52 of them in colour and mostly the work of Eric Hosking, who is the photographic editor of this new *Survey of British Natural History*; they are a lovely garnishing to a most admirable book.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

CROCUSES IN A WOOD

UNDERNEATH the beeches we came across the crocuses standing up like so many shafts of purple and yellow flame. Heralds of Spring, "the crocus brake like fire" in the wooded valley from which winter's last snow had retreated; and they were a reminder that soon there would be daffodils, too, and primroses, and bluebells.

It is not possible to walk through an English wood in March without feeling the heart uplifted. Signs of new life are everywhere—signs that Spring once more is on her way to "unlock the flowers to paint the laughing soil." The birch woods are shining in the sunshine with their slender trunks glistening against the dark brown bracken; and the trackways are crisp across the short turf leading to the stately rows of beech trees, and to the crocuses.

"THERE have always been crocuses," said an old man from the village on the hill close by, "ever since I can remember. Nobody knows who planted them. They just came." The March winds rattled the bare beech tops, and a sweep of wind scurried the beech leaves into drifts almost overwhelming the crocuses. But they flamed upwards through them, defiant of both wind and leaves—those flowers which "just came."

These woodland crocuses are the first crocuses of peace. There may be finer and more flaming carpets of crocuses in the gardens of great houses, but these brave clusters persevere, as it were, on their own. They never failed to appear during the war years in all their brave colours, as if proclaiming their belief in the ultimate triumph of truth and right.

THAT is still the glory of the crocus in the last days between Winter and Spring. It comes out of the dark days and speaks of the eternal light which lies behind the passing clouds of time. Endowed with colour and warmth the crocus is a visitor bringing fresh wonder each year—an unfailing reminder of the power of Nature's tiny creations to testify to that immortality which is the foundation of man's unconquerable faith.

The crocuses in a beech wood are again a challenge (in Laurence Binyon's words) to

*Lift up thy cause into the light!
Put all the factious lips to shame!
Our loves, our faiths, our hopes unite
And strike into a single flame!*

SPRING SONG

Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come.

Song of Solomon

COATS OFF FOR

THE clarion call to all of us to work harder has been sounded by the Prime Minister who has urged us all "to give of their best" and serve their country now just as wholeheartedly as they did in the war. And his call has been re-echoed by some of his leading ministers.

"Through hard work to prosperity"—that must be the slogan for the British people says Sir Stafford Cripps. "We will prove once again," he said, "that we are a vigorous, live people determined to work our way through the difficulties of peace as we fought through the difficulties of war."

Mr Herbert Morrison too sounded the same note. "Every one," he said, "must face the

EARLIER HOLIDAYS!

WHILE the Government are calling us all to work harder they are also encouraging all who can to make sure of good holiday this summer.

The pre-war holiday season was crowded into six or eight weeks, but now we are asked to take earlier holidays, and the Ministry of Education has announced that parents may take children away from school for fortnight's holiday. Thus a real barrier to a longer holiday season is removed, and more people should be able to take holidays in more comfort.

And the earlier we take them the greater value we get. For the benefit of our younger readers let it be whispered that, according to Blackpool's publicity director, "Even the donkeys on the beach know that they have to turn round sooner when a large queue of children is waiting for rides."

What We've Never Had

THE old flimsy five-pound notes have all disappeared; the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street ordered them all back home, and we shall never see them again.

Well, most of us will not miss them much, and we ourselves shall not miss them at all, for we never have been on more than nodding terms with five-pound passing acquaintances, as we were—and how swiftly pass!

Under the

Biscuits are still hard to get. Even soft ones. **PET**

AN old seaside railway station is now a dance hall. Run on new lines. **W**

A HOUSEWIFE says she has never waited in a fish queue. Took a stand against it. **L**

LONDON is getting bananas at last. They are sure to be skinny. **C**

THE London housing programme will develop in "snowball" fashion. If girls Cold comfort. **a**

DR PROSPERITY

fact that more wages or increased social services could only be got and enjoyed on the basis of production and payment in one form or another. No one must ever imagine that these things came by magic: they must be worked for."

There, then, is the call—the clear call to work harder. In a world that has tumbled about us, we must forget our differences of opinion, and get to work.

The British people have never yet failed, in peace or war, when emergency has arisen and been shown to them beyond all doubt. The emergency has been shown and we have no doubt that, under wise leadership, the British people will all roll up their sleeves and go to it.

THE CHOICE

By Lord Halifax

A WORLD economically divided into competing groups is a good breeding-ground for trouble. A world where trade is more free and where trade can expand will be a world in which more people and countries will be contented, and where evil-minded men will not find the tools of mischief so ready to their hands.

EARTH'S AWAKENING

THERE steals a movement through the woods
Faint as a sigh, yet each twig stirs.
About the roots, each emerald blade
Of wakened grass the movement shares;
Whilst still, where deepest shadows brood,
Shy flowers that sleep through half their days,
Lift up their startled heads anew
And trembling, dance their meed of praise.
Did you hear that? Some bird long mute
Grows bold, his halting note to
Whilst clouds the impulse catch,
and drift
Slow through the highest arch
Deep am I stirred. So deep I thrill, and sing
With trees and flowers, for God
once more gives Spring!

Herbert Stoneley

The Harvest Must Not Fail

STAY in the Women's Land Army for another year, was Lord Huntingdon's appeal to all Land Army girls when he spoke at Leicester the other day.

He, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture, also appealed for new recruits, for, he said, the present shortage of food had been made worse by droughts and disasters which could not possibly have been foreseen.

The need is urgent, and, although about 45,000 farm workers in the Forces may be back on the land by April, and prisoners of war are also to be used, more help will be required for harvesting. An army of 200,000 harvest workers has been called for, and no doubt many thousands of schoolboys and schoolgirls will again answer the call. So, be prepared, all would-be helpers.

Make It Easier

PARENTS in London have failed to take full advantage of the arrangements made by the Ministry of Food for young children to be supplied with ample quantities of cod liver oil, orange juice, and vitamin A and D tablets.

Those who have taken advantage of these supplies have seen the benefit in the health of their children, the Food Ministry say.

Frequently a visit to a crowded Post Office and sometimes a long walk to the Town Hall are involved before a hardworking and queue-weary mother can obtain these vital necessities for child health. We should like to see it made easier to obtain them by having the depots in main shopping centres with payment in cash, not stamps.

THINGS SAID

MINISTERS must swallow a large slice of the only food that will always be unrationed. They must eat humble pie.

D. M. Eccles, M P

I HAVE got an honest face.

Ernest Bevin

I AM surprised that in my later life I should have become so experienced in taking degrees when as a schoolboy I was so bad at passing examinations.

Winston Churchill

OUR children are taught history far too much in terms of dates and battles, and far too little of the story of perhaps the greatest of all human adventures, the achievement of the British Commonwealth and all it means.

Lord Addison

SPRING VERDURE

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees Her robe assume its vernal hues;

Her leafy locks wave in the breeze, All freshly steeped in morning dews.

Robert Burns

India Chooses Her Cricket Team

By the C N Sportsman

THE Indian cricket team has been chosen and 16 men will be coming here to meet England and the counties in the summer.

Among the six who were also in the Indian team which toured this country in 1936 is the vice-captain, V. M. Merchant, who topped the batting with 1745 runs, an average of over 50.

The captain will be the Nawab of Pataudi, a choice which is warmly welcomed, for "Pat," as he is called by cricketers everywhere, was one of the most popular players in this country during his days with Oxford University and Worcestershire. He should thus achieve what is, we believe, the unique experience of playing both for and against England, for he took part in three Test matches against Australia.

A Record Innings

The Nawab is the ruler of a tiny State in the Punjab, which was given to his ancestors by General Lord Lake in gratitude for loyalty to the British. Now 36, the Nawab developed his batting under the keen eye of Kent's great left-hander, Frank Woolley, and his score of 238 not out for Oxford against Cambridge in 1931 is still a University match record. For Worcestershire he once scored three double centuries in one season. Health and affairs of State kept him out of the Indian team in 1936.

Mushtaq Ali and Amarnath are other batsmen well known here; and among the newcomers much is expected of 21-year-old R. S. Modi. A left-hander who may settle down well on English wickets is Abdul Hafeez, who scored the most runs against the Australian Services during their Indian tour. Of the bowlers S. N. Bannerjee (fast) and C. S. Nayudu (leg-break) are well known to cricketers here and did well in the tour of 1936.

The first game will be in May, when the Indians meet the Nawab's old county team, Worcestershire. We can be sure that the captain and his men will receive a hearty welcome.

TIDYING BRITAIN'S COAST

BEFORE the war the C N often protested against the spoiling of Britain's lovely coastline by the indiscriminate building of ugly dwellings across many a green cliff-top and grass-tufted dune. The war stopped the building but the ugliness remains.

Now a move in the right direction has been made. The Ministry of Town and Country Planning have asked all authorities in coastal areas to begin tidying up our shores. One of the first to make a start is the North-West Norfolk Planning Committee, which controls a stretch of coastline 30 miles long. The Committee have decided that ugly buildings should be demolished, and that publicly-owned holiday camps, each one self-contained, should be established at a minimum distance of 10 to 12 miles apart.

To restore our coastal beauties is essential if the Government's plan to attract many foreign visitors next year is to succeed.

A FAIRY QUEEN OF OTHER DAYS

If family albums have survived the claims of salvage, March 17 may be the day on which to search these cherished volumes for portraits of mother or grandmother as she dressed when a child, half a century ago.

"That was my Kate Greenaway costume!" the originals of the portraits will say. It was exactly 100 years ago, that Kate Greenaway was born, and those whose childhood costumes she influenced still declare that she was one of the most admired and best-loved women in all the world.

Little Land Girl

Kate was born in London, daughter of an engraver on wood, and it was from him that she inherited her talent. This was heightened by long visits year after year to a cottage at Rolleston, Nottinghamshire. There she was in truth a little Land Girl, with her own milk-pail, her own little hayfork, and other implements. She holidayed and worked, sharing all the outdoor labours, even the marketing; and to the end of her life Kate remembered not only the names of the plants and flowers but the position in which each grew. And yet, so terrified was she of worms that to the end of her life she feared to dig her own garden lest she should turn one up!

Discerning that Kate could draw, her father sent her to various Art Schools, where she began to win prizes at 12. Her first professional ventures took the form of Valentines and Christmas cards. From the first she arrayed her little subjects in charming quaint costumes worn nearly a century earlier — long, high-waisted frocks, coats of richly-coloured velvets, big hats, sometimes with spreading feathers, or, with summer frocks, quaintly delicious poke bonnets. Such were the Kate Greenaway costumes in which little girls of her day were clothed, all copied from her drawings.

Not that this fashion sprang from her first work. She held ex-

hibitions of her pictures; she wrote books of rhyme with her own delightful drawings; she illustrated the work of others; for years she did children's almanacs, books of alphabets, songs,



poetry, stories, and so forth, all made irresistible by her pictures.

France, Belgium, Holland, Germany and other European countries went wild over her work, and wrote learned reviews of her as an immortal. She attained worldwide fame. She clothed the children of two continents. At home she was welcomed at Buckingham Palace, and among her intimate friends numbered the chief poets, artists, and social celebrities of the day.

"I am only a fashion"

Ruskin himself bore witness to the truth of "the fairy land she created, not beyond the sky, but near us, even at our doors." He wrote to her, too, a letter a day for over three years in succession; yet in unaffected humility she said to him, "I am only a fashion!" She died at Hampstead, in August 1901, and her books are already somewhat rare. Perhaps someone will publish a new volume of Kate Greenaway so that we, too, may have the delight that once thrilled our elders, to whom she was as a queen of laughing, gracious fairies, with beauty, fun, and kindness to enrich the heart.

Editor's Table

PUCK THE position as regards men's hats will improve. But they will still be on top.



THE Government stand or fall on housing, says a writer. Better work on it.

AN author has gone to Switzerland to write a book on winter sports. Will it be snow bound?

A MOTORIST says he is willing to await more petrol. That's the spirit.

THE Oxford crew is the lightest since 1905. But their blue is still dark.



THIS ENGLAND

The Witham at Boston, Lincolnshire, with Boston Stump in the background

Hands Across the Channel

THERE is a fine spirit of comradeship sweeping across the Channel. French schoolchildren have been hearing what British schoolchildren have done for them, and, as one of them said to a lecturer at the Lycée Racine, a big school in the Paris area, "it's like a second liberation to hear such things."

The lecturer was Mrs Yvonne Cooper, French wife of an English college professor. Three times she has been to France on these missions since last spring, the first time while the war was still on and the last time on the invitation of the French Ministry of Education.

That last visit covered 23 schools in and around Paris, all with from 1500 to 2000 pupils, and a typical experience was at the Modern College of Jean-Baptiste Say, where the headmaster called for three cheers at the end of Mrs Cooper's lectures: "One for Britain's schoolboys and schoolgirls with whom we want to work hand-in-hand, one for the abiding glory of Great Britain, and one for the Entente Cordiale, to which we dedicate ourselves henceforth."

Mrs Cooper, writing of her experiences to Les Français de Grande-Bretagne, founders of the Council for Help for French Children of which she is vice-President, was thrilled by the enthusiasm of her youthful audiences. But there was something more, something even finer, to relate.

These boys and girls were poorly shod, they were badly clothed, they were none too well fed. Yet when they heard of our "austerity" at home they asked to give something from their slender store of treasures.

The boys and girls at the Lycée Victor Duruy clamoured to send the remnant of their best toys; at Sèvres they decided to send a lovely album on the fine historic porcelain of that famous town; at Versailles they wrote charming letters to their British comrades, and there, too, they said they would prepare for our boys and girls an album on their delightful city of palaces.

Now Mrs Cooper is hoping to collect a store of clothing for these warm-hearted French children, who need it so sorely. It is a fine effort, and it should be well supported.

Looking For Cold Weather

A UNITED STATES naval task force will be led into Arctic waters this month by the aircraft carrier Midway, for special tests of planes and other equipment. The 45,000-ton Midway is the first of five aircraft carriers planned for the US Navy this year. She has a crew of 3000, is heavily armed, and can carry over 80 twin-engined planes.

The commander of this task force is Rear-Admiral John Casidy, who has received instructions to find an area, between Greenland, Labrador, and the Hudson Straits, about 500 miles wide, with the "most severe and coldest weather possible."

PULL OF THE PLANETS

Will it Cause Sunspots?

By the C N Astronomer

THE evening sky just now is of more than usual interest, because all the planets are now in evidence.

Mercury and Venus appear first and may both be seen soon after sunset, Mercury being in the west, as described in the C N of March 2, and remaining visible in a clear sky until 1½ hours after sunset. The much brighter Venus is in the south-west, and at a lower altitude than Mercury, setting half an hour earlier. But Venus cannot be mistaken if looked for in a sky that is clear down to the horizon. Between 6.20 and 6.40 p.m. is the best time to look. Venus is approaching us and so will gradually rise into a better position, setting later and becoming brighter. At present she is far beyond the Sun and about 155 million miles away.

Jupiter may now be seen low down in the eastern sky after about 9.30 p.m., rivalling Venus in brilliance but far more distant, being at present about 420 million miles away. Like Venus he is coming nearer, and so will become brighter, rise earlier, and reach a much better position for observation. In fact, as the year progresses we may see Jupiter cross the heavens towards Venus, which will appear to rise from the west and advance to meet Jupiter.

High in the south at present, Mars and Saturn may be seen as soon as the sky is dark enough. Mars is apparently back from his retreating movement, and is in a similar position,



The position of Neptune (X) relative to Jupiter in the south-east sky

relative to Saturn and the stars Castor and Pollux above him, that he occupied at the end of January. Once again Mars may be seen above Saturn, but this time apparently a little nearer and about seven times the Moon's width away. It will be seen that the apparent brilliance of Mars has dwindled so much that he now appears less bright than Saturn; this, of course, is due to the increasing distance of Mars, now about 92 million miles. Saturn is also receding from us and so is diminishing in brilliance, but his great distance, 790 million miles, makes this reduced brilliance less marked.

Uranus is also receding from us and is now near the limit of naked-eye visibility, but with glasses may be found a little to the north-east of Aldebaran, which is now high in the south-west sky. The star-map which appeared in the C N for November 24 will indicate the locality together with his motion since then. Uranus is now about 1795 million miles away and will soon be lost in the twilight of the spring evenings.

Neptune is in the region near



Pip Meets Pip

At the Children's Theatre, Toynbee Hall, London, Anthony Wager, aged 13 (seated), who plays the part of Pip in the film of Charles Dickens's story *Great Expectations*, meets Maurice Nicholas who takes the same part in the stage play.

Gifts & Good Will From Tibet

FROM one of the least-known countries of the world, a good will mission of five Buddhist monks and three lay officials has visited Delhi to convey to the King, through the Viceroy of India, Tibet's congratulations on the Allied Victory, and also to hand over presents for His Majesty. They will also send presents and a congratulatory message to President Truman.

Tibet, cut off from the rest of the world by vast mountain barriers and trackless wastes, goes on its own ancient way undisturbed by wars, strikes, and grim stories of atom bombs. Its people want little from the outside world and have nothing which the outside world covets. They are given over to religious devotion and contemplation—but also hag-ridden by superstitious fears.

It is not so very many years ago since a German explorer there was arrested by the people because they were suspicious of his scientific instruments. He did not mend matters when with Teutonic tactlessness he told them that the instruments were to bring the Sun nearer to warm himself. They feared their grass would be burnt up

and their cattle die. He was eventually released through British influence.

If we envy these people their peaceful, out-of-the-world sort of life, we should not care to have their everyday existence. Their houses have no furniture and are shared by yaks, sheep, and ponies. Their windows seldom have glass, and in the bitter winters they hang cloths over the openings, and they do not keep out the freezing gusts. Their capital, Lhasa, once forbidden to visitors from the outside world, is a place of narrow streets full of holes and evil-smelling drains.

The Tibetans, however, are a friendly and lovable people, hospitable to strangers—if they are not afraid of them. For if the Tibetan is not bothered by the problems of modern civilisation, he has quite enough worries of his own about evil spirits, of which he lives in constant dread.

We in Britain heartily reciprocate the good wishes of these peaceful people living on the "roof of the world."

BRITAIN'S WORD HER BOND

IN 1892, when Nigeria, a turbulent land in those days, was officially under the control of the Foreign Office, a British Vice-Consul at Opobo made a bargain with some of the native chiefs of that West African region. If they would give up their war canoes and arms he would agree that the British Government should pay them compensation within 50 years.

In 1939 the Nigerian chiefs presented their claims for £11,420. But meanwhile Nigeria had passed under the control of the Colonial Office, who could find no record of the original bargain. The chief's representatives, however, had documents and, believing that the Englishman's word is his bond, they confidently submitted their claim.

Their faith was justified, for their documents have been accepted as genuine and the British Treasury has paid the £11,420 to the chiefs or the heirs of those who have since died.

BEDTIME CORNER

SANDMAN

THERE dwells within the Land of Nod
A quaint and stealthy little god
Who gathers up fine grains of sand
In either tiny, nimble hand,
And as he passes softly by
Throws a small handful in each eye,
Making us blink, and then breathe deep,
And yawn, and nod, and fall asleep.

The Man and His Shadow

A FOOLISH servant came to his master one night in great fright, saying that he had been followed by a ghost.

"Nonsense!" said his master. "What form did it take?"

"The shape of an ass," replied the man.

"Go to bed then," answered his master, "it was nothing but your own shadow."

A Prayer For Home

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say.

O God, preserve my mother dear

In health and strength for many a year;

And oh, preserve my father, too,

And may I pay him reverence due;

And may I my best thoughts employ

To be my parents' hope and joy,

My sisters and my brothers both

From evil guard, and save from sloth.

And still, O Lord, to me impart

A contrite, pure, and grateful heart,

That after my last sleep I may

Awake to Thy eternal day.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

SPRING PROMENADE



The War Birds Are Home Again

By the end of this month the last of Britain's war pigeons should have returned to civilian life. They have played their part and deserve honourable, comfortable retirement.

Ever since AD 56, when a Roman general sent off a pigeon to bring reinforcements, pigeons have been used as messengers. They served during the siege of Paris in 1870, during the Boer War, and during the First World War. But during the last war they were used more than ever before for carrying secret messages.

Dropped by parachute into enemy territory, they brought back much valuable information, from underground workers; they landed with paratroopers and were released with despatches when wireless signals would have betrayed hidden positions; with rubber and petrol so scarce, they often replaced Army despatch riders; and in some parts of the country they were used by the police and civil defence.

British and Belgian racers were the best war workers. Released from planes at 10,000 feet, they have flown through fierce snowstorms, and have been quite chirpy cooped up inside a tank in 130 degrees of desert heat. They do not like flying through fog, during darkness, or over water; but patient RAF training overcame even this aversion. There are records of pigeons reaching home after flying over 400 miles of open sea,

and 80 per cent of the pigeons sent out by the RAF got back to their bases.

Many pigeons have won the Dickin medal, the animal's VC, for pluck and endurance. One of these, belonging to an Exeter fancier, had an amazing career. Once it was lost for four days, and arrived home after being badly mauled by a hawk. Later, after three weeks' absence, it came back with three pellets in its body and part of a wing shot away. After that it was missing for ten days before returning with further severe wounds.

War pigeons must come from good racing stock, and training must begin when they are three months old. In five months they should be flying 200 miles, and after a year should be capable of 500 miles. Exceptional pigeons have been known to fly 1000 miles. Their flying life is nine years, and after that they may be used for breeding. Old Rex, one of the pigeons given by King George VI for war work, produced many fine birds for the Royal Canadian Air Force, and died at the grand old age of 18.

THE ICEBERG AND THE SPITFIRES

ONE of the most ambitious Allied plans of the war was to build flat icebergs out of manufactured ice to be used as aircraft carriers against German submarines and in invasion operations. That they were not actually built was only because the course of the war rendered such a vast undertaking unnecessary.

"Habbakuk," as this strange creation of scientific minds was to have been called, would, had it been built, have been a flat floating mass of manufactured ice 2000 feet long, 300 feet wide, and 200 feet deep, big enough for 200 Spitfires or 100 Mosquitoes. It would have had electric motors built into it to drive it at a speed of seven knots, and a large refrigerating apparatus to keep the ice constantly hard. Habbakuk would have been built of solid blocks of artificially-made ice 40 feet thick, and it could not have been broken by any type of bomb or torpedo then known; bombs would merely have made small craters in the ice.

To build a Habbakuk 1,700,000 tons of ice mixed with a small amount of wood pulp would have been required, and the first one would have cost between £8,000,000 and £10,000,000.

An Enduring Link

THE mercy cars of the American Ambulance were much in evidence during the days and nights of the blitz. In the early days of the war a group of Americans in London formed this splendid organisation, which is now being wound up, and from its surplus funds a sum of £25,000 has been given to Middlesex Hospital. The money will be used to endow two single-bed wards at the hospital, for which Americans will have first priority.

Thus will endure this Anglo-American link forged in war.

ILL WINDS AND GOOD

GALE warning! We have heard that phrase quite a lot lately on the radio; and madcap March is the favourite month for the wind's capers. To most of us gales mean no more than an uncomfortable buffeting outdoors, and the sight, perhaps, of a hat careering along the road, or an umbrella blown inside out.

A wind is caused by the sun warming the air. When the warm air rises, as it must—being lighter when warmed—the cooler and heavier air rushes in to take its place, and this movement creates wind. Winds become gales when there is a violent disturbance such as the meeting of large expanses of hot air from the Equator and the cool or cold air of the temperate or polar regions. Winds of gale force are often broken in their journeys by mountains and high land, when it seems as though the wind is coming from all directions.

But we in this country do not have to endure the worst perils of the cyclone, or the typhoon, the hurricane, or, worst of all, the tornado. Compared with these our gales do little harm. The Atlantic Ocean, the Pacific, the China Sea, the West Indies, the American prairies, these are some of the regions where the greatest wind disturbances occur, often with terrible results.

But winds and gales are not without benefit to man. They invigorate him and his animal friends. They are useful as a source of energy, driving windmills, for instance. Also, they scatter pollen, seeds, and fruits.

An Old Soldier of the Cross

A VETERAN of 82 was among eight British missionaries who landed recently at Plymouth from the Belgian boat SS Copacabana, en route from the Congo to Antwerp.

He is Mr G. Whitehead of the Baptist Missionary Society, who has 55 years' service to his credit and last visited his homeland 27 years ago. He has lived and laboured in a remote part of the Belgian Congo, at Wayika, where for most of the time he was the only white person for many miles around. He lived year in and year out with the Congolese people, and his ceaseless work to bring them to Christ was an uphill task indeed for they were strongly influenced by the Moslem religion, which was brought from East Africa.

His was the last in the chain of mission stations originally planned by the Baptist Missionary Society to stretch across Central Africa.

During the long years that he dwelt alone among a people who were often indifferent to what he had to teach them, he made a close study of the local languages and was the author of grammars in the Bobangi and Kingwana tongues. Many translators have acknowledged their indebtedness to his earlier work in the native languages.

Mr Whitehead is a fine old Christian warrior who in sticking so long to his post in very difficult circumstances has set an inspiring example to Christians everywhere.

They Want to be British

THE 1800 native inhabitants of Heligoland, the Nazis' former fortress which lies in the North Sea about 30 miles from the German mainland, have asked to return to British rule.

It is not altogether surprising that 250 of the 1800 were actually born under our flag, for the island was British from 1807 until 1890, when it was ceded to Germany in return for Zanzibar in Africa. Before 1807 Heligoland belonged to Denmark.

Its people today have made an appeal which they are prepared to submit to Uno. In it they say: "Our island has for centuries been an international seaside health resort and a shelter for ships and fishermen of all nationalities. This it could be again. If it is impossible to return under British rule, we would prefer Danish protection, as the island's history has never been German, but Danish for many centuries."

The Heligolanders are a Frisian people. Their tiny island, one mile long and a third of a mile wide, has high red sandstone cliffs with white sands at

their feet and greensward on top. It is thought that its appearance suggested the Heligoland national colours of red, white, and green, and an old Frisian rhyme—so like English as almost to be understood by us without translation—goes: "Grön is dat land, Rood is de kant, Witt is de sand. Dat is de flagg vun't Hillige Land (Green is that land, red is the side, white is the sand, that is the flag of Heligoland)."

Heligoland was strongly fortified by the Germans after 1890, and the fortifications were destroyed after 1918. The Nazis re-fortified it, and made it a base for submarines and E boats.

The future of this island is just the sort of question that ought to be settled by the United Nations. Certainly its people never again want their home, a summer resort of gay holiday-makers, to be turned into a grim, death-dealing fortress.

THE YOUNG HEROES OF SIAM

RECENTLY there returned to Britain 18 young Siamese students who went to Siam about three years ago to risk their lives for the Cause of Liberty.

They were studying in England when the Japanese invasion began, and they, with other Free Siamese, at once joined the British Army. They volunteered to land secretly by para-

chute in their native country in order to carry on underground activities against the Japanese invaders.

Heroically these men carried out their valuable work—always in danger of capture and possible torture and death at the hands of the enemy.

Now they have come back to resume their interrupted studies at British universities.



Your child must have long hours of unbroken, restful sleep if she is to grow and gain as Nature intended. When stomach upsets rob her of this needful sound rest, a small dose of *'Milk of Magnesia' will soon put the little one at ease. 'Milk of Magnesia' also acts as a gentle laxative. Mothers everywhere depend upon it because it is so mild and harmless. Keep 'Milk of Magnesia' in the medicine cabinet *always*.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.



THE BRAN TUB

Too Quiet For Jacko



THE Jacko family were enjoying a quiet evening—for once. Mother was knitting, father reading, Baby playing quietly, Bouncer was asleep. It was much too quiet for Jacko's liking. He suddenly switched on the wireless which announced loudly "The Zootown Evening Chorus"; and this was followed by a terrific outburst of roars, squawks, growls, howls, screeches, bellowings and trumpetings. The family nearly jumped out of their skins. Bouncer woke up and added to the din. Jacko was highly amused!

REAL POWER

"My binoculars are so powerful," boasted the young subaltern, "that when I look through them to the village across the plain, the church is so near I can hear the organ playing."

RUSTING AWAY

THERE was a young scholar named Roddy whose head would get sleepy and noddy. When class work was done he had scarcely begun, so his brain grew decidedly shoddy.

How Old Are They?

UNCLE FRANK gazed at his three nephews in amazement. "You have grown up since I've been away!" he exclaimed. "How old are you now?"

"Well," said John, with a laugh, "our ages total 57. When I am as old as Tom is now, George will be three years older than I am at the moment, and Tom will be twelve years more than George's present age."

Answer next week

Maxim to Memorise

LIFE lieth not in living, but in loving.

The Children's Hour

BBC programmes from Wednesday, March 13, to Tuesday, March 19.

WEDNESDAY, 5.0 The Tale of Tom Kitten; followed by The Nightingale—an imaginary ballet. 5.40 That Reminds Me. 5.50 Prayers. North, 5.0 The Play's the Thing—hints for staging out-of-term theatre plays; followed by the Manchester Salon Orchestra. N. Ireland, 5.40 Nature Diary.

THURSDAY, 5.0 The Commadore (Part 1). Welsh, 5.0 Programme in Welsh.

FRIDAY, 5.0 Scottish songs. 5.15 The Treasure of the Tinkers (Part 1). North, 5.0 Listeners' Forum.

SATURDAY, 5.0 Blithe New-comer—a story; followed by Around the Countryside. Midland, 5.0 Inventor's Delight—the story of William Murdock; followed by Poems by Kate Greenaway; Muffs and Mittens; and Muriel Liddle (harp). North, 5.0 More Unusual Young Artists from Belle Vue Zoo; and More Usual Ones.

SUNDAY, 5.0 St Patrick's Day Programme—Songs and poems; followed by Mr Murphy, Timothy John, and the Leprechauns; My Pony; Glen in Alba—a play; and Aileen McArdle (harp).

MONDAY, 5.0 Said the Cat to the Dog (No. 8). 5.25 Nursery Rhymes. 5.40 Films Talk. Midland, 5.0 Music for Out of Doors; followed by Irene Hinsley (soprano); another Bobby Brewster story; and Bird Songs in March. Northern Ireland, 5.0 Children's Section prizewinners of the Belfast Musical Festival. Scottish, 5.0 The Hutman—Naming the Hut Country; followed by Competition results. West, 5.0 Let's Keep Fish (No. 3). 5.10 Can You Play This? 5.35 Things to Make and Do.

TUESDAY, 5.0 Children in Other Lands—Czechoslovakia. 5.30 Nature Parliament—Derek McCulloch will put your questions to the resident members, Lt-Comdr Peter Scott and L. Hugh Newman. Scottish, 5.0 Hilda the Pantomime Horse. Welsh, 5.0 Programme in Welsh.

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

A Herald of Spring. In the leafless hedgerows patches of snowy Blackthorn blossom made a brave show.

"When the Blackthorn blooms we know winter is nearly over, Don," remarked Farmer Gray.

"It's like the blossom on your plum trees, only smaller," said Don.

"Blackthorn is a species of plum," retorted the farmer, "although Sloes, as the fruit is named, are very unpleasant to taste. Frost will remove much of their bitterness, and country people often make preserves from them. You should be very careful of the thorns, for at times when the sap is running they are poisonous, and a scratch from one may easily turn septic."

Jumbled Geography

HERE are six world-famous towns, with their names split into syllables and well mixed.

Can you sort them out?

ta, ling, al, bart, ce, bo, cut, wel, mont, na, lo, ton, re, ho, cal, bar, lom, co.

Answer next week

MASTERING MAGIC

Perfect Your Patter if you want to be a good amateur conjurer. This is very important, for it keeps everyone in a good humour and distracts attention at the vital moment of the trick.

Make a note of any good joke you hear. It is surprising how often it can be adapted to your trick, though this does not really matter so long as you keep up an amusing commentary.

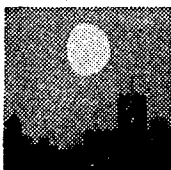
Some people are naturally good at this, but, anyway, it comes with practice.

Tongue Twister

DOES scented shaving soap soothe shaved sore skins?

Other Worlds

IN the morning Jupiter is in the south-west. In the evening Mars and Saturn are in the south, Uranus is in the south-west, Mercury is low in the west, and Jupiter low in the east. The picture shows the Moon at 11 p.m. on Friday, March 15.



picture shows the Moon at 11 p.m. on Friday, March 15.

Little Joan Caught a Cold . . . and then

Little Joan caught a cold at school and gave it to her sister Mary. She passed it on to Mummy and then Daddy got it, too. And Mummy could have stopped that cold running through the family if she'd only known that most chemists now keep a wonderful old recipe all made up ready for use. It is known as the "Parmint" recipe and one dose of this Parmint Syrup will nip practically any cold in the bud right away.

Besides, Parmint Syrup has the great advantage that kiddies like the taste. So they take it readily. And it's just as good for grown-ups.

Be wise. Get a bottle of Parmint Syrup from your chemist to-day and keep it handy. 1/3 the bottle, Family size 2/10, including Tax.

NOTE.—If through shortage of bottles your chemist is out of Parmint Syrup, get a 3/14 bottle of Parmint Concentrated Essences and make up a big supply yourself.

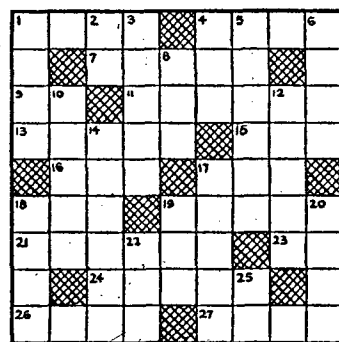
Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 A system of signals. 4 To see at a distance. 7 Musical drama. 9 Royal Society. 11 A public speaker. 13 A locality. 15 Solid water. 16 A Wednesday in Lent. 17 Skill. 18 Industrious insect. 19 Nimble. 21 A narrow pass. 23 Preposition denoting destination. 24 Sea plants. 26 The act of selling. 27 A bobbin.

Reading Down. 1 A goldfish. 2 Accomplish. 3 A memorable term of years. 4 An age or period. 5 Sarcastic ridicule. 6 In time long past. 8 Before. 10 A slope. 12 An eight-part musical composition. 14 Starry. 17 A communion table. 18 Demands. 19 Fruit with numerous pips. 20 Kind of tax. 22 Water was Adam's. 25 Early English.

*Asterisks indicate abbreviations. Answer next week

The Children's Newspaper, March 16, 1946



FACTS ABOUT PUERTO RICO

It is the fourth largest island in the West Indies and a United States territory. The island is about 100 miles long and 40 miles wide. Area, 3435 square miles. Population, 1,871,000, of whom three-quarters are of Spanish descent. Capital, the port of San Juan, population, 170,000.

Puerto Rico (which means "Rich Port") was discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1493. Spaniards had settled there and

Ponce de Leon was appointed Governor in 1509. It remained a Spanish colony until 1899, when Spain ceded it to the United States after the Spanish-American war. Puerto Rico is now ruled by its own Senate and House of Representatives under a Governor appointed by the President of the United States.

Chief products: Sugar, tobacco, coffee. There are about 320 miles of railway.



Fitness Wins

PERFECT physical fitness, abundant energy and the will-to-win—these qualities you must possess if you are to be successful in sports and games.

Remember that the leading coaches and trainers insist on 'Ovaltine' as an essential part of the training diet for players and athletes in their charge. They know that there is nothing like 'Ovaltine' for building up physical fitness and stamina.

'Ovaltine' has also played an important part in many outstanding feats of endurance. In the last two Mount Everest Expeditions 'Ovaltine' was an essential part of the high-climbing rations. Explorers have taken it to the ends of the earth.

In everyday life, in your school-work, the same fitness and vigour are just as valuable. That is why you should drink delicious 'Ovaltine' every day. It will keep you fit in body and mind and help you always to do your best.



Drink Delicious

Ovaltine

For Health, Strength and Vitality

HAVE A TOFFEE?

HAVE A Sharp's

Sharp's SPECIALISE IN MAKING **TOFFEE**

EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD.
of Maidstone, Kent
"THE TOFFEE SPECIALISTS"